



THE TRAGEDY
OF HAMLET
PRINCE OF
DENMARK.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Sentinels.

B

Ar. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me, stand and unfold your selfe.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. Hee.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now strooke twelve: get thee to bed *Francisco*.

Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.

Bar. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Bar. Well, goodnight:

If you doe meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The rivalls of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand ho: who is there?

Hora. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Liegemen to the Dane.

A 2

Fran.

